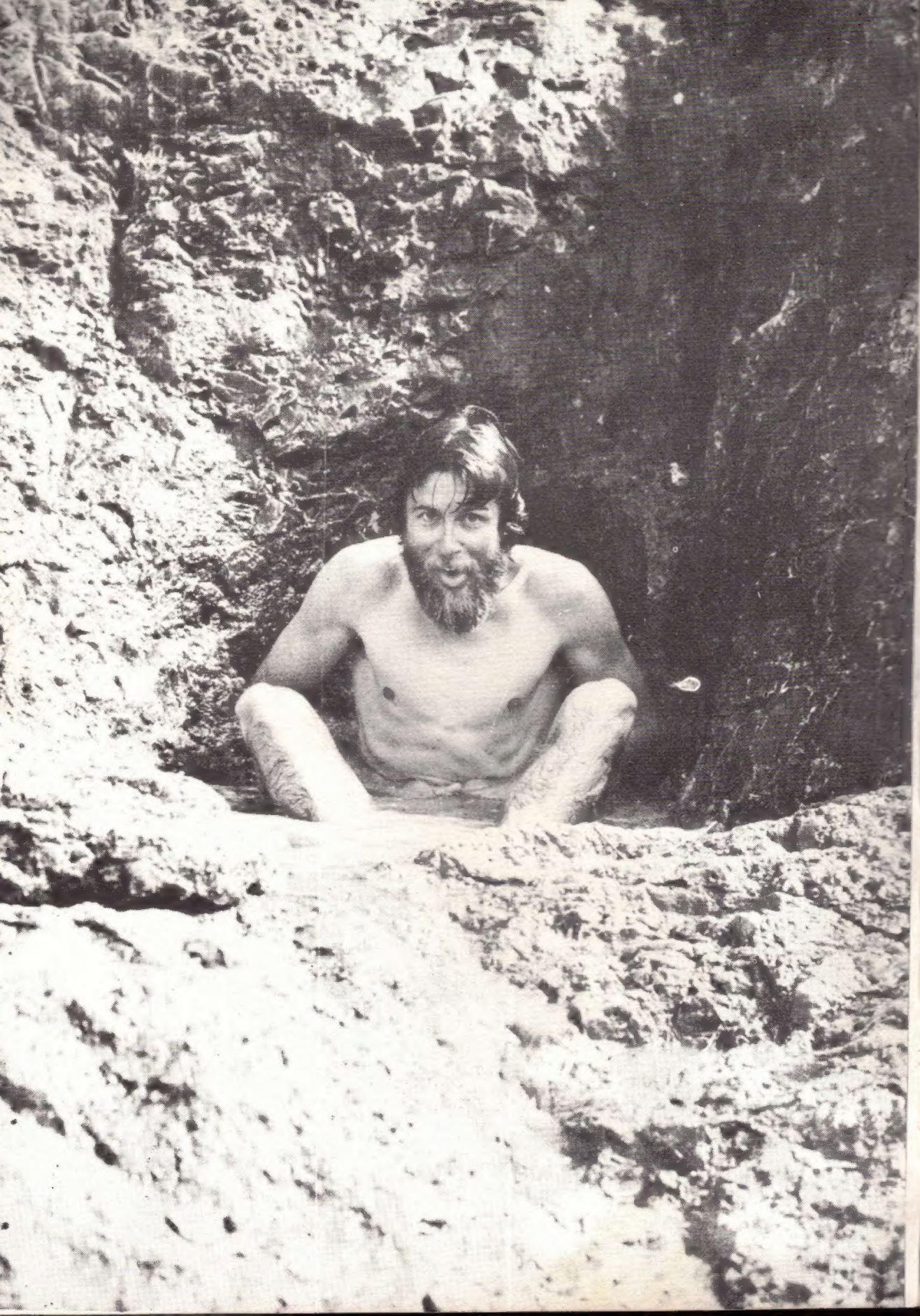


port augusta h s







# HEAD'S REPORT



## PRINCIPAL'S COMMENTS

It is not often that we have an opportunity to retrace our steps - and so it was with considerable interest that I accepted the appointment as Principal of this School in 1975. In February 1946 I had been accepted as a Junior Teacher and my first appointment was to Port Augusta High School.

In those days the School was just developing - we were in the building adjacent to the Central Primary School. There was considerable excitement when somebody arrived with the plans for the proposed new School - "A handsome and commodious building which would serve the community of Port Augusta for generations to come" - Fond hopes! Despite the multiple additions, we have now a complete second High School. Perhaps it is just not wise to make predictions - however we can't just disregard the future and its probabilities - "Probabilities" - perhaps that is the key word. Nobody can be really sure about anything, but we can take precautions to enable us to face the possibilities that may eventuate.

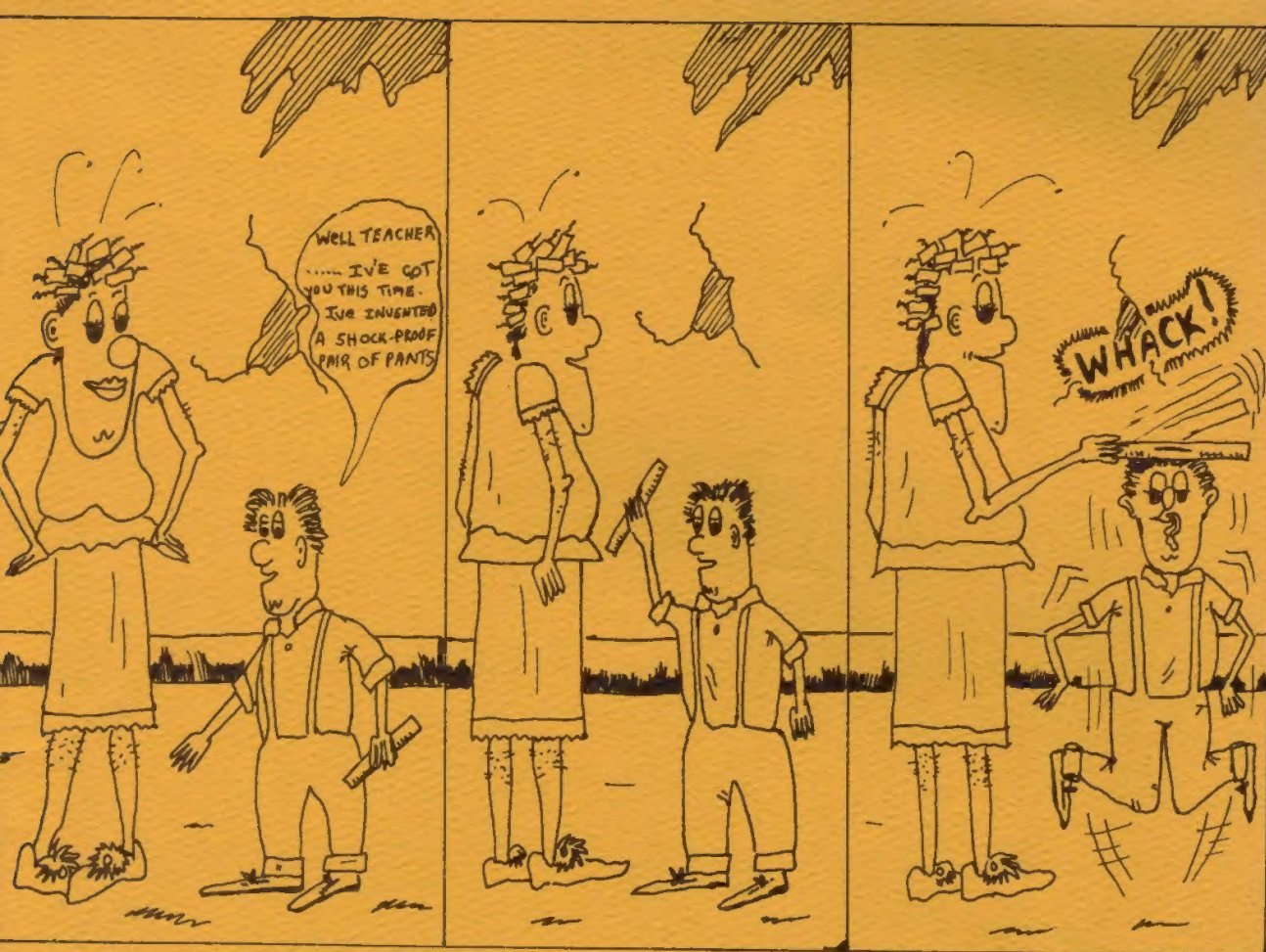
Perhaps that is what School is all about anyway. I have been asked to give you some sort of "message" - well, that is the message - look upon your School as some form of insurance for your future. It won't cover your every need in every eventuality, but, if you have exploited its opportunity to the full, I have no doubt that you will be better able to meet, accept, and contend with the possibilities and the probabilities - particularly the unexpected - which you will be called upon to face through out your future.

MR. J. H. SMITH  
PRINCIPAL









## SCIENCE SORCERY

Throughout the year the science teachers have indulged in all kinds of trickery. Our budding biologists have added to the growing menagerie. Cold blooded Mr. Mules has been threatening to feed pesky students to his bearded dragons, frill necks or python. Fred the Flounder fell for Miss Christey hook, line and sinker, whereas Mr. Jager is still planning a cage for his 'birds'.

Mr. Kelly, obviously a policeman in disguise, has been showing students how to detect criminals, much to the despair of the class counterfeiters. Our new chemist, Mr. Thomas, taught his class how to separate water and alcohol by distrillation but rumour has it they prefer it mixed and with ice.

The replacement for Mr. Meschemberg, Mr. Hunt has frustrated Mrs Lennon and Mrs. Shuard with his requests for practical materials. Apparently his classes have been making anything from cold cream to solar energy furnaces.

A temporary setback due to a car accident, did not deter Mr. Creeper. He was soon back in the classroom prodding lazy students with his crutches. Mrs. Arikawe, also interested in rocks and fossils, has assisted Mr. Creeper in changing the Geology Laboratory into a rock graveyard.

Meanwhile, the physics students continue to be astounded by Mr. Wallace's 'Magical Mystery Experiments'.

Of course the "scientific" explanation of these happenings is that Mrs Gilbert and her kindly spirits are no longer with us to protect us from mischievous prelinis intent upon sabotage of the advancement of science. However, next year, our intrepid band of wonderful wizards are out to hold these forces at bay with even more amazing feats science magic.



## HAVE YOU READ "TELECOM 2000"

It will amaze you! (copies available from the Post Office)

At a recent lecture librarians were told that in libraries of the future there would be no such thing as an overdue book. (Do I hear cheers?)

You will be able to have micro film copies of books made on a machine called a Micro Fische (they already have one installed at Whyalla School of Technology). These will cost a few cents only and will remain the property of the borrower". The whole Enc. Brittannica can be contained on one small piece of microfilm and viewed through a special projector, for private or class use.

For approx. 20c, a plastic disc may be cut by laser beam of your favourite film. The disc will be less than 6" in dia. and may be played on a machine similar to a record player plugged directly into your T.V.

At the push of a button it will be possible to obtain information from any library in the world within a few minutes.

Wireless waves as we know them will no longer be used for communication on land. Mr. Oldham's unattached earphones are but a beginning in this field. It is already possible for the sense of smell and touch to be transmitted over great distances so that a buyer of wool in Japan will, in the future, not need to leave his own backyard to examine the quality of Australian wool.

When the lecture had reached this stage your very humble librarian began to feel very redundant, and tuned out before the advent of a brainstorm.

10.14 is a merry little crew  
With the Big Cat our leader  
There's many a laugh that's new  
Mick's our class rep  
Branded with ink, pin and tattoo  
Josie has the usual lunchtime pep  
(Comes back with yellow teeth)  
So what else is new?  
Of course Greg attempts to entertain  
But ah, his jokes are in vain  
Paechy, our mummy, knows it all  
But we secretly think she too has a ball  
Giggles incessantly arouses the quiet  
But Petty keeps order and stops the riot  
Gussie keeps working but occasionally grins  
When Garnet's weird cartoon sometimes wins  
Tanner's just our big cuddly bear  
Give's all a treat when he loses more hair,  
Orty and Mick, our sweet little pair  
Are always sharing each other's affair  
Puddles left us - but we won't forget him  
And Sterlsy - babe keeps dreaming of Jim  
Guinea likes to be one of the three  
Who send teachers barking up a tree  
Worm with her 'Jamie' and dear old Yandell  
Funny as a fit and as skinny as a candle,  
Treena keeps dreaming of heroes and guys  
You, don't believe us?  
It's not all lies.

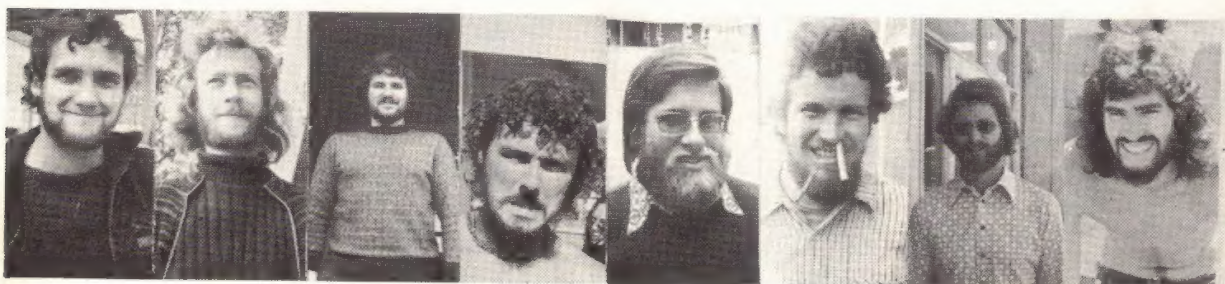
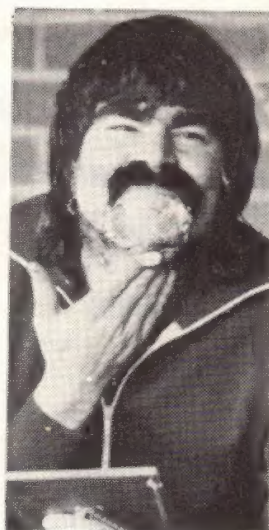
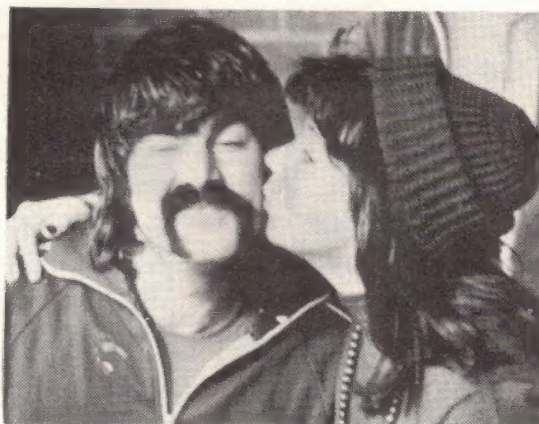
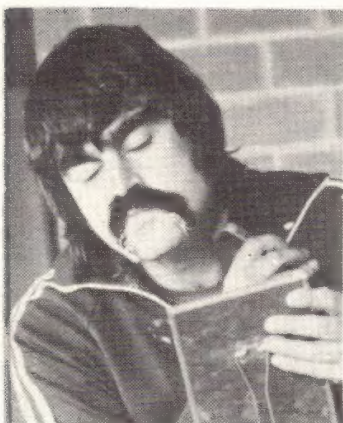
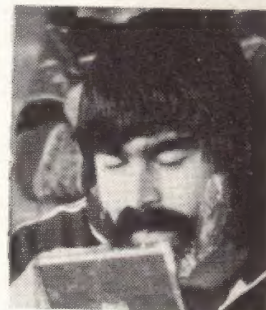
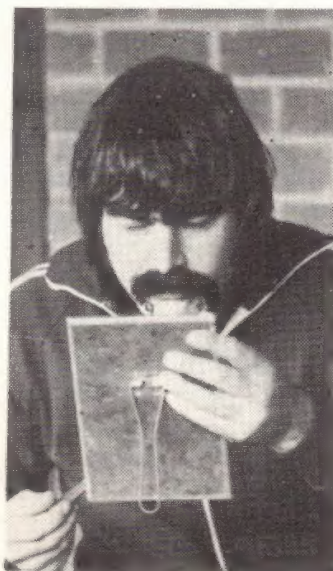
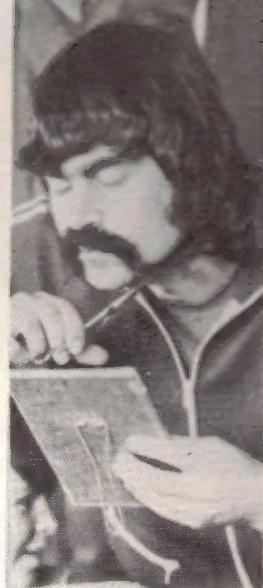
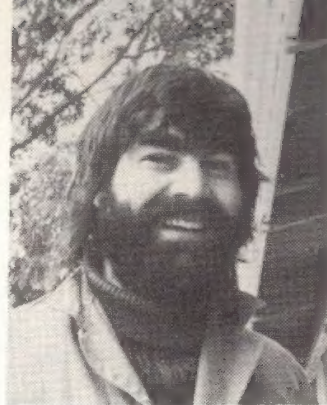
BY 10.14





You simply pay money for the teacher whose beard you want removed.

ENTRANTS: Messieurs ASHBY, JOBLING, HEDGES, PARKINSON, BROWN, WALLFRIED, KELLY, COWLEY and THOMAS.











KYLIE CREEK 1975 by MR. D. SMITH and MR. G. WRIGHT

Local theatre goers this year saw a dynamic, new, exciting musical, KYLIE CREEK, written by the promising, previously unheard of team of David Smith and Graham Wright.

In the play David portrayed a small, outback township, Kylie Creek, deserted by all its men, save a few, leaving the women to sort out their problems in the wilderness. Graham's music supported the plot admirably and in collaboration with Cassandra Norton, the two of them whipped the chorus into something that was musically very appealing.

The Orchestra this year was string orientated, although still capably backed by Peggy Molloy on piano and flute.

Meanwhile Bev Thiel, choreographer of three years standing with the company was directing the dancing side of the show in the manner with which we have become accustomed.

David then took on the immense job of putting the whole thing together. With the usual drama camp beforehand, the show moved in the direction of: The Performance Night !!!

A hoard of teachers rapidly erected the sets. Make-up went on with some help from Doreen Hendry and the girls. The stage was lit by Dave Cowley and the boys. And the show was on for a box breaking four performances.

The attendances bear witness to David and Graham's pleased reaction. Will we see another piece of work by this team? Or will they go into an early retirement? We can only wait and see. But good luck boys and keep up the good work.





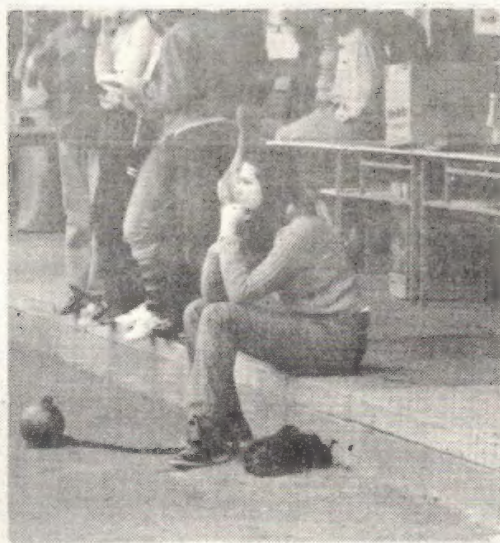
The way I'm going I'll never make the Formation Flying Team for Olympics.



Now go back and clean that up!



I took pluravit capsules and look what they've done for me.



He said he'd be here an hour ago. I wonder what's keeping him. Better still what's keeping me?



One quick rip ought to do it!



SCIENCE TEACHER  
25TH ANNUAL  
CONVENTION



YOU SEE  
MRS HARYHARY  
YOU JUST V H2O4  
AND THAT'S ALL IT  
FINISH !!!

P.A.H.S. KNITTATHON  
ENTRANT

NO.1.  
MISS  
DEBBIE  
PAECHE

PEARL  
PLAIN:  
PEARL  
PLAIN:  
PEARL  
PLAIN  
PEARL  
PLAIN  
PEARL  
PLAIN:  
PEARL  
PLAIN:

000



I HAVE THE  
ANSWER TO  
ALL OUR  
FINANCIAL-  
PROBLEMS.  
JUST GET  
SOME  
MORE

MONEY

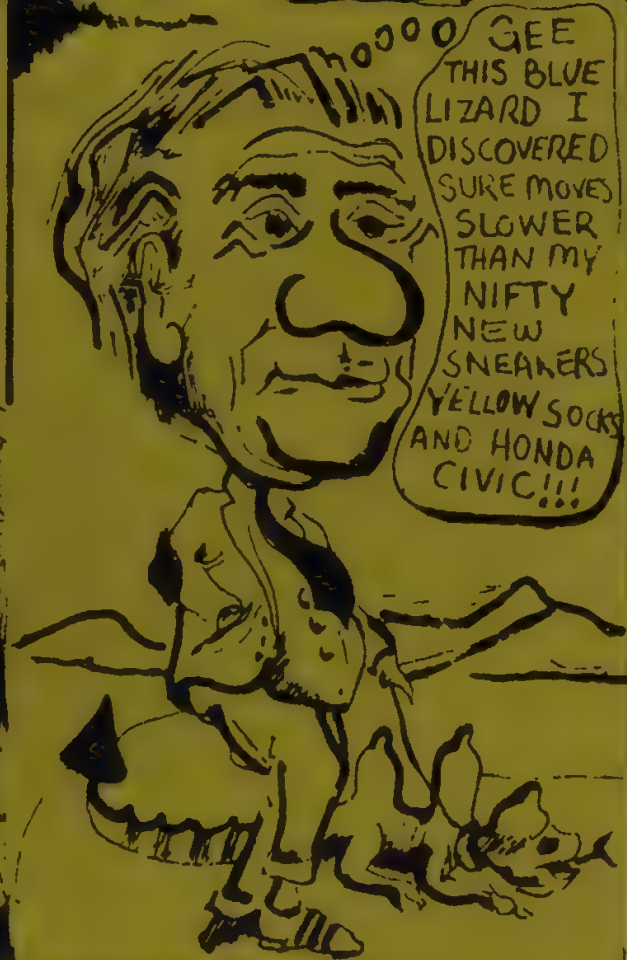
NOW WHY  
DIDN'T I  
THINK  
OF THAT.

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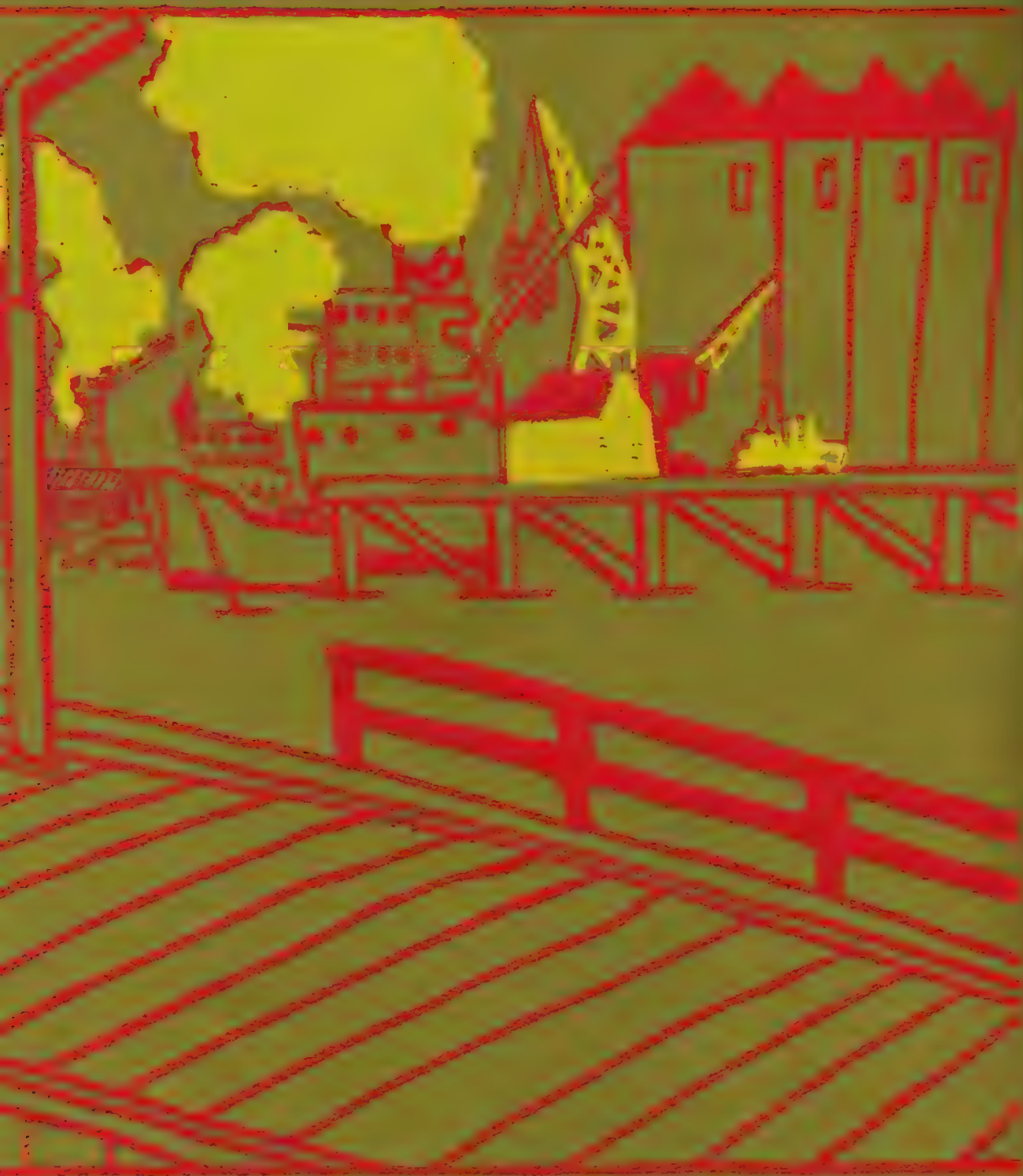


AN ABSOLUTELY  
BRILLIANT IDEA  
MR. F.

0000 GEE  
THIS BLUE  
LIZARD I  
DISCOVERED  
SURE MOVES  
SLOWER  
THAN MY  
NIFTY  
NEW  
SNEAKERS  
YELLOW SOCKS  
AND HONDA  
CIVIC!!!









## MATHEMATICS

Many students in the school have taken out subscriptions to the Mathematics Association Journal "Trigon" and have found many of the articles and problems interesting. Brenton Dansie 12.25 submitted solutions to many of the problems and has had his solutions mentioned in the journal.

About 20 students attempted the IBM mathematics competition and found the problems very challenging.

In 1976 we will have a Wang mini-computer which will supplement the present range of electronic calculators.

During this year a number of mathematical games have been purchased. Many classes have found that these are good fun even though they sometimes have to think harder than in a normal lesson.

We hope that during 1976 all students will have a chance to work with this new computer which can be programmed to play various games. In one game the student tries to destroy a target by feeding information to the computer and is awarded a rank depending on his skill. This can range from "General in charge of artillery" down to "Recruit in charge of cleaning latrines".

## DESTRUCTION

A large, claw-like figure approached the tranquil wall,  
It struck like a merciless snake destroying its prey,  
The wall shook in fear, then fell to the ground  
with a strident sound,  
The claw retreated back, ready for another attack.

The driver sat unaffected and unaware of  
what he was an accomplice to,  
He pulled the throttle, and the scorpion-like  
machine slowly made its way to the next home,  
His eyes lit up, like a city at night,  
Staring and sniggering at the lonely and  
once-loved house.

Again, he pulled the lever,  
The claw approached fearlessly and ruthlessly,  
Tearing out its eyes, its strength and finally  
its pride.

There it lay, alone and incomplete,  
The man-made animal moved slowly and  
superciliously towards its home,  
It chugged along arrogantly and contentedly,  
Towering high above other victims of old age,  
It reached its quarters and rested,  
ready and waiting eagerly for another day's  
work of joy and destruction.

B. MAULE 11.39





## MAN AND MACHINE

The flash of silver lit up against the gloomy grey of the shed.  
Dark and mysterious was the scene it presented.  
The rhythm of his jacket against the tank,  
blended with the droning of the mechanical queen  
Violent, yet yielding to the masterful rider controlling her,  
romatically swift movements  
As the machine flashed violently by,  
The ramshackle shed once again  
become void of all life.

MARIA McEWAN 11.11

## MY GIFT

I sit on a hill, my hill,  
And below me, are the splendours of the earth, my earth.  
With thousand shades of green all mixing,  
With the intense blue above them.  
The warm goldness of the sun  
Passes through the drifting white clouds,  
And gives the whole world a glow,  
That no electric light could match.  
The fields are patchwork,  
Some brown, melting into yellow, and of course, more green.  
Noise is absent from this landscape,  
That was presented as a gift to me,  
From my creator,  
I sit on a hill, my hill,  
And below me are the splendours of the earth, my earth.

CAROL 10.27

## GREASY WOG

I came out to Australia  
and left my native home  
I came out to Australia  
and Queensland did I roam  
I gave up my spaghetti  
and my nice salami too  
I eat steak and eggs  
like all Australians do  
I like Australian women  
I like Australian Grog  
But I do not like Australian men  
They call me greasy wog.

LEON COLSON 11.10

## HORSE

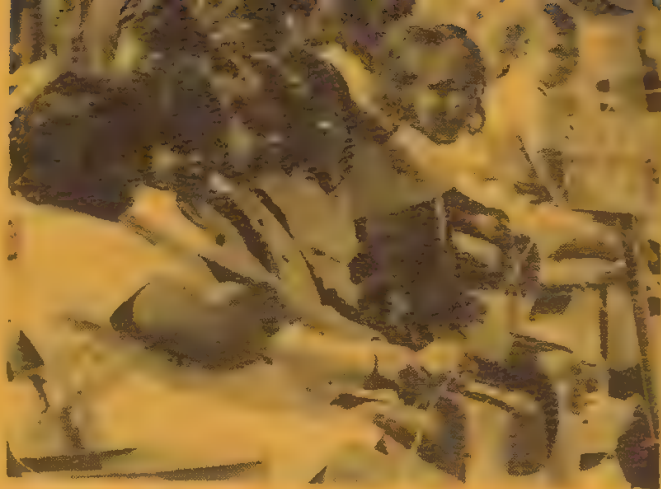
No longer will he race ahead  
For Fire Opal is now dead  
He used to race across the heather  
The fastest racer ever  
Until one day a man crept in  
And cruelly poisoned him  
No longer will he race  
Matching the winner pace for pace  
The greed of man has seen to that

DEBBIE McCOY 9.2











# Rock 'n' Roll

The Daily Excretion sent their weekly columnist GREG WHITE to the concert publicized "AC-DC - KEYSTONE ANGELS S.A. ROCK CONCERT" recently. He is not a reporter, but unfortunately he cannot answer your adoring fan mail as he is recovering in the Asylum for Mind-Blown Groupies.

Rock 'n' Roll has miraculously been revitalized by a blast of exciting new sounds. The sound of AC-DC and the sensational KEYSTONE ANGELS.

Today I was lucky enough to be one of the thousand to squeeze through the doorway to musical heaven at the Augusta Town Auditorium; to be treated to the ear-shattering experience of "gutsy" rock 'n' roll, from Chuck Berry to Alice Cooper, as interpreted by the new successes of the seventies. These two new groups have emerged from the mists of obscurity to lead Australia into world wide recognition. These electrifying, dynamic, chart-busting, dazzling, mind-bending, gurus of rock will revolutionize world music appreciation.

The Angels from Keystone were first to appear in answer to the chanting mass and immediately began thumping out their own particular brand of rock. The crowd immediately sprang to hand clapping life in answer to the compelling demand of the leather clad lead singer. After the first couple of introductory tunes, the band, one half in white suits and the other two in dark leather, were introduced unceremoniously to the crowd. When it was pointed out that the room up front was in fact, for dancing, the seething mass scrambled uncontrollably from their, by now vibrating seats and packed the small stage apron, in order to be near to the happening sound of solid rock and nearer the new messiahs of music.

After hours of music that previously only existed in your wildest rock fantasies, the exhausted Angels were forced, sadly enough, to leave. But the crowd like a junkie suddenly deprived of his source of supply began hysterically chanting "More, More, More, More."

The theatre was impatiently quiet as the ghostly vibrations echoed and died away in the ornate hall ceiling. Then as the unbearable crescendo of silent reached its climax, out of the taciturnity tumbled the exalted high priests of electric rock, the grand wizards of high voltage, AC-DC.

Then suddenly even the tumultuous roar of the worshipping masses were swamped by the solid wall of sound pitched forth from the giant all conquering organs of amplification.

The two four foot giants of the musically gifted, the geni of rock talented pounded out an almost continuous stream of song, such as CAN I SIT NEXT TO YOU GIRL, HIGH VOLTAGE ROCK 'N' ROLL and dozens more, that set the crowd to an even madder frenzied adulation. Some adoring fans were even atop their friends shoulders to get a clearer view of their dancing music playing idols.

The previously never seen before style with which the lead guitarist, Angus, manipulated his music creater (guitar) astounded the stunned mass. His own highly original dancing to the altar of amplification, where he crucified himself, without the nails, upon its gaping black mouth and stabbed it with his guitar producing unbelievable sounds that drove the crowd insane.

Over-coming technical difficulties lead singer and lead guitarist leapt upon two opposite amplifiers upon whence, spotlighted by a circle of light they continued their offering to the God of music.

All too soon fluctuating current (AC-DC) too had to leave, breaking the trance like state of the audience, leaving them gasping, their little minds blown by the unbelievable performance they had just witnessed.



"Onge the Inventor"  
by Leon Roy Byrne 11-11

"Boo!"



"I'll call  
it FOOTBALL"



## art news

Several exciting Art Activities of particular note that occurred in 1975.

During the course of the year there were 3 Art Exhibitions held. The first was the travelling exhibition of Art Gallery of South Australia which was held in the Cooina Hall. It was titled "Gallery on Tour" and contained examples of European, Asian and Australian Art.

The Art Staff of P.A.H.S. held an exhibition of students work during the second term. This was displayed on windows facing the main quadrangle and contained work using a variety of media and techniques.

The final Exhibition was a combined Advertiser and Northern Regions Youth Art Show. This was also held in the Cooina Hall and contained fine examples of Student Art from South Australia and the Republic of West Germany Schools.

### SPECIAL NOTE

Four students received prizes of \$3.00 from the Royal Agriculture and Horticultural Society this year. Their work was presented for judging and displayed at the Royal Show.

The students were:

|                 |       |
|-----------------|-------|
| Leon Colson     | 11.12 |
| Mark May        | 11.12 |
| Doreen Righetti | 11.12 |
| Debbie Scattini | 11.3  |

-- WELL DONE !

TODAY COULD BE  
A GOOD DAY FOR  
GREEN ELEPHANTS  
OR SOMETHING.





In July last well-known illustrator of children's books, Ted Greenwood, visited our library during a tour of Western Region Schools, and spoke to a full audience of our students combined with students from Augusta Park High and Caritas College.

A skillful speaker, Ted Greenwood held his audience spellbound in a Pied Piper atmosphere, whilst he exhibited original illustrations of his most recent works, copies of which had been loaned to us especially for the occasion.

In pointing out the details of some of his art work which consisted of line drawing, gouache work, and water colours, he explained that he invariably leaves some small items unfinished to encourage children to use their own imagination.

Mr. Greenwood was eagerly questioned by all students regarding his artistic style, and sources of inspiration. He explained that he worked in a plant nursery situated next door to a Primary School, during the mornings. His careful observation of the children at play, together with his love of plants, provided plenty of material for his type of picture books for children, upon which he works in the afternoons.

All students who attended the library on this occasion were commended by Mr. Greenwood for their excellent behaviour and keen interest, and he left Port Augusta with a high regard for our students.

In November this year the Shell Co. of Australia kindly donated the book "THIS IS AUSTRALIA". The book will appear on the library shelves in 1976.  
THANK YOU SHELL.

## THE DOLLAR BILL

The old man clenches my  
smooth  
flat body  
Fear creeps into every crease that  
gives me  
form  
Relentlessly I am being tortured by  
the ever tightening  
grip of the  
marbled and wrinkled

by the old man

in the

in the

in the

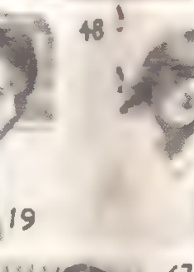
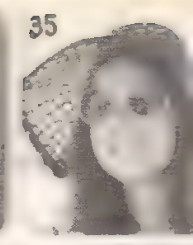
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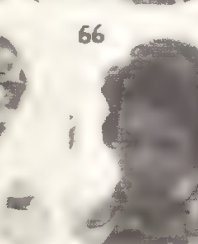
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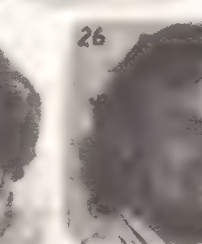
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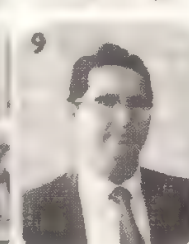
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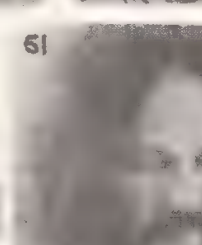
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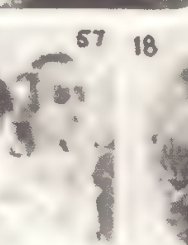
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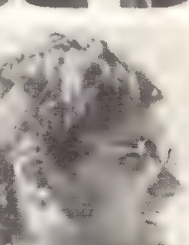


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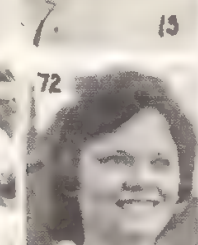
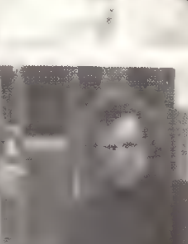
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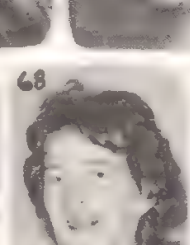
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60



45



42



30



31



75



77



76



## PRINCIPAL

1 Mr. J.H. Smith B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.T.(Prim.), Dip.T.(Sec.), F.G.A.A., M.A.C.E.

## DEPUTY PRINCIPALS

2 Mr. D.W. Braddock A.U.A., Dip.T.(Sec.)

3 Mr. B. March Dip.T.(Sec.)

4 Mrs. J. Forbes Dip.T.(Sec.) Dip.T.(Com.)

## SENIOR STAFF

5 Mr. J. Carter

6 Mr. J. Creeper B.A., Dip.T., Dip.Div.

7 Miss M. Giordano Dip.T.(Com.)

8 Mr. G. Jobling Dip.T.(Art), (Sec.)

9 Mr. J. Jovanovic B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.T.(Sec.)

10 Mr. A.J. May B.Sc.(Hons)

11 Mr. C. Ratsch Dip.T.(Sec.)

12 Mr. D. Smith B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.T.(Sec.)

13 Mr. W. Wallace B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

14 Mr. B. Wilde B.A., Dip.T.

15 Mr. G. Wright Dip.T. (Craft)

## STAFF MEMBERS

16 Mrs. R. Arikawa B.Ag.Sc.

17 Mrs. B. Ashby Dip.T.(P.E.)

18 Mr. P. Ashby Adv.Dip.T.(P.E.)

19 Miss H. Barkhahn Dip.T.(Sec.)

20 Miss H. Boyd B.A.(Hons), Dip.Ed.

21 Miss K. Brockhoff B.A., Dip.Ed.

22 Mr. D. Brown Dip.T.(Sec.)

23 Miss S. Christey B.Sc.

24 Miss A. Cornish Dip.T.(Sec.)

25 Mr. D. Cowley B.A., Dip.Ed.

26 Mr. D. Forbes Dip.T.(Craft)

27 Mr. A. Gencarelli Dip.T.(Art)

28 Mrs. P. Goel M.A., Dip.T.

29 Mr. G. Harness Dip.T.(Sec.)

30 Mrs. S. Havelberg

31 Mr. S. Hedges Dip.T.(Art)

32 Mrs. D. Hendry Librarian

33 Mr. P. Jager B.Sc.(Hons), Dip.Ed.

34 Mrs. D. Kay Dip.T.(Craft)

35 Mrs. J. Kelly Dip.T.(Craft)

36 Mr. S. Kelly Dip.T.(Sec.)

37 Mr. J. Lingwood B.A.(Hons)

38 Mr. H. Meschemberg B.Sc.(Hons)

39 Mr. B. Mules B.Sc.(Hons), Dip.Ed.

40 Miss C. Norton Dip.T.(Sec.)

41 Mr. L. Oldham Th.Li., T.S.T.C.

42 Mr. K. Parkinson Dip.T.(Sec.)

43 Miss B. Radzik Dip.T.(Sec.)

44 Miss A. Roshkov Dip.T.

45 Miss G. Ryszawa Dip.T.(Craft)

46 Mr. B. Schmitt B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

47 Mr. F. Stewart Dip.T.(Craft)

48 Mr. J. Stiller B.Sc., Mus.Bach.

49 Miss B. Thiel B.A., Dip.Ed.

50 Mr. G. Thomas B.Sc.(Hons)

78 Miss D. Paech

51 Mr. E. Ogonowski

52 Miss A. Brooker Adv.Dip.T.(Art)

53 Mr. M. Hunt

54 Miss C. Bourke Dip.T.(Craft)

55 Mrs. E. Zerna

56 Mrs. S. Pearson

57 Mr. N. Virgo

58 Mr. B. Wake B.Ed.

59 Mr. P. Wallfried Dip.T.(Art)

60 Mrs. J. Ward

61 Mr. J. Williams B.Sc.(Hons), Dip.Ed.

## TEACHER AIDES

62 Mrs. J. Brauwers

63 Mrs. M. Nuske

64 Mrs. P. Parker

65 Mrs. C. Welk

66 Mrs. B. Wilson

67 Mrs. J. Welgraven

## CLERICAL STAFF

68 Mrs. M. Molloy

69 Mrs. M. Kittel

70 Miss V. Carey

71 Mrs. B. Sentence

72 Mrs. D. O'Hanlon

## LABORATORY ASSISTANTS

73 Mrs. R. Gilbert

74 Mrs. J. Lennon

75 Mrs. E. Shuard

## CARETAKER AND GARDENER

76 Mr. F. Pointon

77 Mr. R. Simounds



# 'sing, sing a song'

We interviewed some of the Staff and found that, much to our surprise they possessed quite some musical talents. Here are the results of the interviews:

Mr. Jobling, why do you get so involved with the School Magazine?

"Wanna see my picture on the cover ...."

Miss Giordano, what are your thoughts when entering a classroom?

"Mama-mia, here I go again ...."

What DID she say Mr. Cowley?

"I do, I do, I do ...."

Miss Boyd, could you comment on a rumour concerning your romance with Pythagorus?

"I'm not in love, so don't forget it ...."

Upon another disastrous experiment, Mr. Greener said:

"You've blown it all sky high ...."

What is the essence of life for you Mrs. Kelly?

"Life is a minestrone, wrapped up in parmesan cheese ...."

What do they call you Mr. May?

"They call me the black-eyed bruiser ...."

What does he say about you Miss Radzik?

"I got a gal called Boney Moroney ...."

What do you say to a girl when you first meet her, Mr. Virgo?

"G'day .. my name's Normie ... wanna ride?"

Mr. Mules, what makes you so popular with girls?

"I'm a teenage dream ...."

How can I brighten up my dull, boring life Miss Thiel?

"Come on baby, do the locomotion ...."

What were your thoughts at the AC-DC Concert, Mr. Jovanovic?

"Run Joey, run ...."

What comments does your guy make on your attire, Miss Burke?

"You look good in anything - dressed in denim or lace ...."

What do you REALLY do for a living Mr. Wright?

"I'm a one man band ...."

What do you say to Mr. Ashby after a hard day, Mrs. Ashby?

"Take the ribbons from my hair ...."

Have you ever considered what you'd do if you didn't teach, Mr. Ogonow?

"I'll be your long haired lover from Liverpool ...."

How do you feel after a heavy weekend, Miss Norton?

"Monday morning feels so bad ...."

What's your nickname Mr. Wake?

"Basketball Jones ...."

Mrs. Forbes, you're a groovy Headmistress.

"I'm livin' in the seventies ...."

Mr. Jager, do you get to see more because of your height?

"Baby you ain't seen nothin' yet ...."

Miss Christey, why will your house be desolate next year?

"All my friends are getting married ...."

Mr. Thomas, how do you feel about teaching in Port Augusta?

"Thank God I'm a country boy ...."

Mr. Braddock, could you make a comment about your coming retirement?

"Feeling ..... glad all over ...."

Mr. J. Smith, why don't you use the microphone?

"High voltage ..... rock and roll ...."



## Victorian Alps trip nº2

If the reader could first reflect a moment and consider what could go wrong on a 1600 mile return trip from Port Augusta to the Victorian Alps, then he may not be quite so surprised by the following description.

Actually the train left Port Augusta on time at 12 noon on the 30th August. This train was different from most others for it contained 35 well behaved and innocent students of Port Augusta High School, two teachers of dubious repute (Mr. Ogonowski and Mr. Jovanovic) and Mrs. Wilson.

From this time on we were pursued by a trail of calamities which I will enumerate.

1. The train was one hour late by the time it reached Adelaide.
2. Consequently the place where we were to eat was crowded with people.
3. Our relief driver whom we were to meet at Dimboola didn't materialize.
4. Hence Mr. Jovanovic drove the bus for about 300 miles - just as well most people were sleeping.
5. The facilities at our Hostel were only a slight improvement on Dachau Concentration Camp although the food probably didn't come up to that standard.
6. One morning the Bus's battery was flat so we had to push start it.
7. On the way back to our "Hostel" we became bogged in mud.
8. On the third skiing day rain made it impossible to visit the snow fields.

That does sound like a lousy trip doesn't it? But on the contrary I think all the incidents helped to "make" the trip and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

### KANYAKA EXCURSION

Four classes had the opportunity to participate on this trip during September. They were 11.21, 9.18, 11.10 and 11.13.

We followed the familiar route through Pich-Richi to Quorn where we had a much needed refreshment stop. Most students had difficulty finding a seat for their vision was obscured by mountains of potato chip packets, cool drinks and ice-creams.

With this additional burden the bus laboured on coming to rest at Kanyaka ruins at midday. Hence we recorded the details of the tombstones and made some interesting observations.

In almost no time it was necessary to re-board the bus which was destined for Partacoona Station.

Shearing was in progress here and most of us were fascinated by the speed and accuracy with which the shearers worked.

We arrived back at School some what late and rather travel worn but in most cases much wiser.

### WIRRABARA EXCURSION

On Wednesday October the 22nd I woke earlier than usual. This was most unusual until it dawned on me today our class was going to Wirrabara Forest for a Geography excursion.

As the bus purred willingly up the Wilmington Road and through Horrocks Pass we had no idea that bus 472 would never be the same again.

At any rate we arrived at the Forest where we were met by a knowledgeable young man who proceeded to tell us all about pine trees. In fact we spent so much time with this well-meaning chap that we were rather late starting our barbecue. Imagine only 35 minutes to light the fire, grill the chops and eat the results.

Needless to say we were late. Therefore we were forced to literally race back to Port Augusta.

But alas we didn't reach the High School. The bus breathed its last near Ampol Station. The kids deserted the sinking ship leaving Mr. Jovanovic and Craig Grantham to fix up the mess.





"Wow, now I know what you mean  
those Hesso flash floods".



"Great idea, this, using human  
targets I never did like that little  
brat, anyway!"

HMM HMM  
-MM UMM  
-HH HUM  
STRANGE  
-UM AH.HMPH



"And now for his  
next act, ladies and  
gentlemen, Flipper the  
hairy dolphin will do his  
'Jump through the hoop  
trick'"

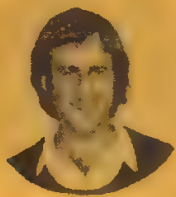
My  
ask a question something but I can  
find it in the picture"



"Sorry I'm late pal, but would you believe  
it, I was held up by a wolf."









# "SPOT THE CHALKIES" (54 names)

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Y | C | R | E | E | P | E | R | B | B | A | S | M | I | T | H | I | E | L | A | O |
| L | W | A | L | L | A | C | E | C | R | D | Y | A | M | E | T | T | B | A | S | H |
| C | A | T | N | W | O | R | B | J | A | G | E | R | F | N | V | H | R | R | H | S |
| B | L | S | E | L | U | M | O | F | D | A | G | C | U | I | S | G | O | I | B | I |
| X | L | C | B | C | H | D | Y | E | D | S | B | H | R | E | J | I | C | K | Y | N |
| E | F | H | O | M | A | H | D | L | O | H | A | G | B | D | O | R | K | A | E | R |
| K | R | G | P | N | R | I | H | G | C | B | O | R | Q | L | V | W | H | W | T | O |
| R | I | N | L | M | N | L | K | J | K | Y | O | T | W | I | A | I | O | E | S | C |
| U | E | I | I | K | E | L | L | Y | U | F | T | I | S | W | N | K | F | N | I | H |
| O | D | L | N | X | S | W | G | V | S | T | L | E | S | W | O | S | F | H | R | C |
| B | A | B | G | Y | S | O | Z | A | I | L | G | A | A | R | U | W | K | A | H | E |
| A | C | O | W | L | E | Y | M | M | I | D | B | K | C | D | I | O | I | H | C | A |
| N | D | J | O | L | N | O | H | A | E | R | E | T | R | A | C | N | Z | K | Y | P |
| R | R | Y | O | M | H | C | M | H | S | T | E | W | A | R | T | O | D | R | L | E |
| E | A | A | D | T | S | S | N | O | S | N | I | K | R | A | P | G | A | A | L | F |
| Z | W | K | R | T | S | I | L | L | E | R | A | C | N | E | G | O | R | B | E | O |
| N | O | T | R | O | N | A | D | R | O | I | G | V | O | K | H | S | O | R | K | Z |





## 'MANOMI'

Strange things had happened since the time Manomia had ventured into the depths of her great-grandmother's cellar. She was not quite sure what it was that had taken place inside her, but what ever it was, it made her immensely happy.

Throughout her twenty-one years of life, she had never been content with herself as a person. She had always wanted to be something beautiful and graceful - something different from everyone else. Manomi could not understand how drastically her life could change, just from walking through the huge rusty, bolted door in the old, musty cellar. Inside the door, there was a different world, a beautiful world, and so very much like the one she had always imagined herself in. Everything around her was a delicate bluey silver. There was a soft, gentle breeze blowing through her long, flowing hair and hundreds of tiny birds, fluttering around her. She looked down and saw that she was standing in the flower of a huge water lily. Behind her was a forest of tall, thin trees, swaying with the breeze. In front of her stretched a lake, not big, but it looked like glass. She walked slowly to the shore and looking down into the water, she could see her own reflection. Tears appeared in her eyes - the face, it was still the same. How could it be though, when everything else was different. It wasn't right, she wanted to change completely.

Something fluttered by her face, a silver moth was busying herself flying in and out of the cream lilies. How beautiful was the moth, thought Manomi. It would be so wonderful to live in this fantastic world as a moth or a butterfly. But she was not a moth or a butterfly, she was Manomi.! Would she be happy here, being a person? This upset her even more, she couldn't possibly live here as she was now - she just didn't fit in.

As she made her way back to the cellar door, a strange feeling filled her. She felt dizzy, the world started to spin around her, everything was now black. As she fell to the ground, something very strange happened. She was no longer Manomi - she was now a most beautiful butterfly, with large silver wings. Her wings started to flutter and before she knew it, she was flying with six other butterflies, of different shapes and sizes, but all more or less of the same colour as herself.

Now she was happy, she had everything. This world now belonged to her too.

SANDRA DUNN 12.26

## MARREE

Alone in the wilderness  
Stands a town all on  
its own  
Everyone is inside with  
All the doors and windows  
closed  
Protected from the sweltering  
heat  
Marjes seeing but sort  
of not believing  
Where once was a water-  
hole is now cracked dry mud  
The people all brown or  
Tan walk outside only  
When needing to

RAELENE LARKINS 9.9

## THE SNAKE

I lay swaying my body,  
Eyes fixed on my prey,  
between the long cool green stems of  
grass.

The sun's rays waste no time,  
on my black and white covered back  
and weeny eyes.

My tongue, slimy and long slithers  
in and out of my anxious hungry mouth,  
Tasting the rich blood and flesh of the  
animal.

My prey moves once and no more  
it lives.

PAULINA BUTLER 8.30





"Duh! Is this the  
place; where I apply  
for the lead role in  
"heat?"

1972









"Smoking isn't worth it  
It took me three year  
to grow back my hair  
and beard after the  
last FIRE!"

"TOBACCO IS A NASTY W  
IT MAKES YOU THIN.  
IT MAKES YOU LEAN.  
IT TAKES THE HAIR RIG  
OFF YOUR BEAN.  
IT'S THE DARNEST  
THING I'VE EVER SEE  
I LIKE IT!!!

HMM HMM WAWA  
UM UM HM MH MH  
HMMM HMMM  
NO GOOD FOR YA' HMM  
HMMM UMUM AHAM  
AHM AAAH HM  
HUMPH!



"I'd never get me back  
to the city!  
That smog was  
killing me!"





## CHARITIES DAY





Charities Day '75 was a dynamic series of events which had the enthusiasm and backing of every member of the School. Once again many events and exercises were organized. Many of the ideas were very novel and inventive; for example, the cage, where, for a moderately small sum of money one could have a desired victim locked up for a period of time. One also got the chance to douse with water any one of a number of prominent people, including teachers and prefects. This was achieved by either tossing wet sponges or pouring it on with buckets. There was a paper on sale to celebrate the day, jokingly called "The Daily Excretion" for reasons unknown. High spirits were the order of the day and one of the highlights was the de-fuzzing competition in which all teachers with beards were put up for auction, with the devious purpose of cutting off the beard of the winner, or loser, as the case may be. All in all it was a tremendous day, and of course all money raised went to good causes.

by FRED LUNSTROO



## PREFECT COUNCIL REPORT 1975

Over the past year the Prefect Council has set out to be firmly established within the school. The main aim of the council this year was to have all prefects, class reps and teachers within each council committee to work together for the benefit of the students in this school.

Earlier in the year class reps, teachers and prefects alike showed uncertainty of what this year would hold. Even though the council commenced to operate late in the first term of this year, it mobilized quickly. As the year progressed the council became more aware of their task and gained confidence.

The first task it undertook was the planning of Prefects Induction Day which was successful after a few minor problems were overcome. Charities Day held on August 19th seemed to us to be a great success and the fancy dress social that night was an even greater success. The success was due mainly to the cooperation of the council.

Although our Prefect Council still has problems to overcome, we feel that it has achieved its aims. But with a little extra planning, enthusiasm and willingness to help it will become more successful. The students enjoy the experience of being a part of the council, and would like to thank all who have been involved in the running of it this year. Also we wish the best to those who will be on the council next year.



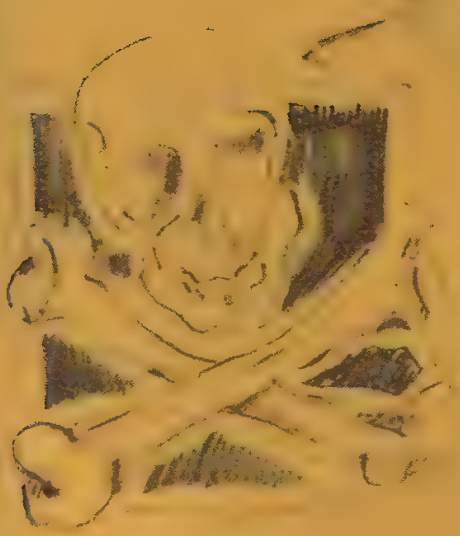
The prefects in 1975 were

Stephen Edwards  
Garret Dixon  
Kym Bury  
Geoff Potter  
Fred Lunstroo  
Terry Hearn  
Bill Higginson  
David Evans  
Barbara Muller



Linda Annandal  
Andrea Davies  
Gazella Corban  
Judith Lestar  
Briony Carter  
Christine Pratt





THE RED KANGAROO

The red kangaroo pounced across,  
the red desert sand,  
Its pounding was of a ballerina's  
step,  
graceful,  
and so beautiful to watch,  
The browny red colour of his fur,  
matched the desert sand.  
I kept on watching it.  
Its head was high,  
as if it was proud.  
It still kept pounding, pounding,  
Until it went out of sight.

JOHN O'GRADY 8.28



DEATH

I stand before the gruesome firing squad,  
In pain and agony,  
I grimace at the thought of what lies  
ahead.  
The endless days and nights surrounded  
by four dim walls, a floor and a  
patterned lid.

The silk covers my body cool and fresh  
Days and nights go by. The silk is  
fading, going very brittle and dry.

I am awakening from an endless sleep  
that seems to have gone on for ever.  
What is that noise I hear?  
Scratching and clawing on the side of  
the coffin walls.  
The next thing I know I am squinting  
at a bright light.  
People screaming and shouting loudly and  
furiously.  
All of them are yelling,  
"What are these remains, animal or  
human?"-----.

I then awake, to find that the firing  
squad are about to shoot.

SUE HERON 8.28

SEA OF DREAMS

I reach, yet do not touch.  
My mute lips move,  
and speak the sounds  
of deafness.  
I see, but I am not seen.  
For I am enclosed  
in solitude.  
Like a clam, it encloses me,  
And the loneliness,  
flows over me,  
As waves, break and surge  
the shore.  
Washing pebbles of my thoughts.  
Like waves breaking,  
scattering dreams of unreality.

JENNIFER TOZER 12.25



## THE SEA

The sea so gentle, calm and free,  
It is at times rough and angry with thee,  
Its waves get high its current so strong,  
That when the breeze howls, you can feel a harsh throng,  
Within it is a whole new life,  
Mr. Fish and his dear fish wife,  
What a pleasurable and wonderful time,  
Until man commits a terrible crime,  
Capturing fish just for fun  
Always leaving a small and homeless one,  
But that's the way the story goes,  
The sea would not be the way it is without its cruel  
and harmful foes.

JOANNE TOMALIN 9.8

## RAIN

The rain ran down my window pane,  
The sky was dark,  
The clouds were grey,  
And I had to stay inside all day,  
How I wish that I could walk,  
Between the rain drips like a stork,  
When I die, when I'm free,  
I'll rest in the rain, under an apple tree.

JOANNE TOMALIN 9.8

## HORSE

There he stood in the mist of the night  
Rearing on his back legs, ready to fight.  
No other stallion, could rule this promised land  
No other stallion could be so grand.  
His gleaming coat shone up well and clear  
This mighty beast, he had no fear  
They called him STARDUST, son of the west  
Everyone feared him, for he was the best.  
One day, in the mist of the sky  
The great stallion, he did die.  
The other horses gathered around  
And slowly watched him sink to the ground  
No-one was the same from that day on  
For their great ruler had finally gone.

HELEN BUTLER 9.2



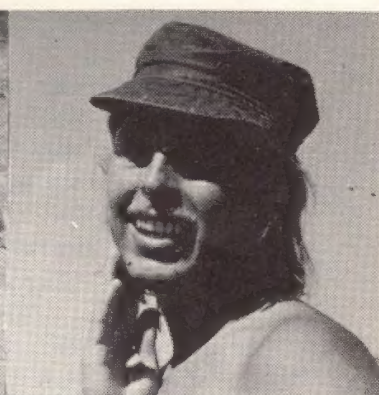


It was a beautiful, sunny day; an amazing fact, considering the dull conditions of the day before. Maybe the sports teachers had put in an order for good weather. 'Eager' students began to dribble in: coming by foot, push-bike, motorbike, car and bus. By the time the gates opened, they had divided up into small groups of friends or classes. Students crowded to the edge of the pool encouraging their classmates or just watched.

Many students managed to swim the whole length of the pool, underwater, in one breath. The first of the novelty events, the Wade followed. Good natured laughter followed the antics of the waders as they tried to get to the finish line. By this time, most people had shed their outer clothing in favour of swimming trunks and bikinis. This bevy of scantily clad people wandered around the pool soaking up the sun or lay relaxed on their towels.

The bombing was most popular for, first the students and then the staff. Competitors joyfully splashed, spraying everyone nearby with the descending water. Water polo, between prefects and staff, allowed the staff to enjoy themselves while most students relaxed, paddled their feet or crowded around the canteen.

The 'bone' from Doggie Fetch the Bone, proved elusive for some, bobbing out of the way, or sinking when they tried to bite it. Excitement about the winning result was working up to a feverish pitch because several classes were neck-and-neck. As the last events finished, the tally was reached and winning classes announced to deafening cheering. Cleaning up then remained and this was completed efficiently and in record time.



#### WINNING CLASSES

|          |          |          |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 8th yr.  | 1) 8.31  | 2) 8.30  |
| 9th yr.  | 1) 9.12  | 2) 9.9   |
| 10th yr. | 1) 10.27 | 2) 10.3  |
| 11th yr. | 1) 12.25 | 2) 11.11 |
|          | 12.26    |          |







This year's Sports Day was held on April 8th at the High School Oval and what was an enjoyable day for both "Atheletes" and Spectators. Enjoyable as it was, the very sunny weather caused many to be glad to head for home when the last event had been held.

As you know, this year's Sports Day was quite a change from previous years. There was a greater emphasis on involvement in events (including teachers), and fun. There was still plenty of excitement and keenness. Instead of the previous system of competition between the 4 Houses - Hutton, Holdsworth, Riches, and Symons - competition within classes of the same age groups.

Along with the usual track and field events, and there were novelty events such as the "back to back race", the cricket ball and softball throw, and the "bag your head" race.

The day took off with a real Melbourne Cup atmosphere with Port Augusta's very own Joe Brown, (Mr. Jovanovic), calling each race in a most enthusiastic manner. Class 10.27 were a good example of team spirit when they appeared in their class "V" for victory T-shirts.

People who did well on Sports Day were B. Collins 11.21, S. Field 11.1, D. Plazeriana 11.39, P. Hoddinot 10.3, P. Cabban 10.4, G. Nowak 9.8 and S. Dalton 8.43. The classes who did well in the Senior field were 12.25-26 girls (43 points), 11.21 girls (42), and in the Junior High School, class 9. (95 points), 10.4 (93), 10.3 (86) and 8.30 (84). The P.E. Staff and anybody who helped them are to be congratulated for organising an enjoyable day.



## HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL

Chairman: J.S. Clark  
Secretary: A.J. May  
Treasurer: N. Molineux  
Corporation Representative: B. Cohen  
Local Member: Mrs. R. Brown  
Principal: J.H. Smith  
Teacher: D. Forbes  
Teacher: B. March  
Parents: W. Austin  
J. Brook  
Mrs. Coulter  
R. Dixon  
B. Ford  
L. Galpin  
Mrs. Gertig  
J. Green  
P. Matheos  
Student Representatives:  
K. Bury  
K. Faulkner

## CANTEEN COMMITTEE

Chairman: Mr. J.H. Smith  
Secretary: Mrs. J. Forbes  
Treasurer: Mr. J. Creeper/Mrs. J. Da  
Mesdames P. Ford, S. Klingberg  
Messrs. B. Ford, G. Parker  
Manageress: Mrs. V.D. Holtham

## PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. J.S. Clark  
Secretary: Mrs. Gertig  
Treasurer: Mr. N. Molineux  
Mesdames C. Coulter, D. Holtham

## Social Committee

Mesdames Gertig, Coulter, Holtham,  
Lentsment, Dixon, Clark,  
Molineux, Snowden, Heaslip,  
Smith.

# autographs





the "A" Club